"LET THE ASSASSIN SHOOT."

Thomas H. Benton's Memorable Quarrel With a Brother Senator.

ELECTED BY HIS RABBIT FOOT.

The Queer Superstition of a Florida Congressman-Victorien Sardon's

Fatalism-Two Stories of Camron - Editor shepard's.

Current Anecdotes.

I witnessed this incident in the senate, in which Thomas H. Benton played prominent part, writes Hannibal Hamlin. Senator Foote, of Mississippi, had assaited him violently daily until Mr. Benton deliberately arose one morning in the senate and declared if the rules of the senate were not enforced by its presiding officer he would take the rules into his own hands. He notified the senator from Mississippi that "if he continues his personal assaults on myself, I will take care of him

Well, I was quietly writing one morn-ing when my ear told me that Foote was pursuing precisely the same course of proceeding as the day before; the chair of Benton on my left was thrown back with great violence and he passed me in the area and went toward Foote as though he had a purpose in his mind. I never doubted that he had.

Foote glided out from his seat down smid the senators, taking from some part of his person a pistol and attempting to cock it. I suppose it was one of that kind of pistols that had a guard in the rear, and he had forgotten to pull the guard around and couldn't cock it; but when he was passing down and trying to use the pistol, Benton literally tore his vest open and said:

"Senators, stand aside and let the as-

Well, the assassin finally reached the geat of Daniel S. Dickinson, of New York, who disarmed him, and there was a cry all over the senate, "No quarreling! No quarreling!" Senton had returned to his seat, and

with the dignity of a Roman he said:
"Mr. President, I never quarrel, I have
sometimes fought, and whea I fought, I
fought for a funeral!"

Congressman Dougherty, of Florida, an earnest believer in the rabbit foot. He says that when he was first nominated there was great opposition to him. One day during his campaign he was training a lot of young hounds, and they scared up a rabbit, which ran into a burying ground and disappeared under a tombstone. When he went home he mentioned the circumstances, and his friends decided that he must have that rabbits Some of them were so that rabbits Some of them were so superstitious that they vowed they would not vote for him unless the rabbit was caught. The moon was shining brightly, and a party went out one might and caught the rabbit. One of the feet was cut off and mounted, and Mr. Dougherty says he carried it and was elected in spite of the odds against him.

To an accident is attributed Vic-torien Sardou's singularly superstitious mysticism, for he is a great believer in rteuts and omens. Along the narrow street there was passing a wagon laden with cut stone, and to allow room Sardou took refuge in a doorway, but he had scarcely established himself there when a big, fat man was driven to the dramatist that there was no room for two of them, so he crossed over the street and established himself in a doorway opposite. The wagon passed, the swearing driver all the time whipping his horses, and it was probably owing to some jerk they had given that a huge cube of stone was detached and crushed in its fall the man to whom, waiving his claim as first occupant, he had surre It was this that laid dered the place. the foundation of his superstition. To express it he has borrowed a word from the Arabs, those inveterate fatalists, boukra, which means to-morrow. After those wild bursts of passion at rehersals, when he is reduced to dumbness by his own shouting, this is his first word when he is sufficiently recovered to utter it.

On one occasion the duke of Welling ton received a letter in the following terms, says a writer in the Pall Mall Gazette. I correct the spelling. "Mr. Tomkins ventures to address the duke of Wellington. Mr. Tomkins' mother is a washerwoman; Mr. Tomkins regrets to say that, having washed for the marquis of Douro for many years, his mother has been unable to obtain payment for the last three years. Mrs. Tomkins is money. She hopes the duke will kindly pay it. Mrs. Tomkins' address is ——." After carefully reading and considering the letter, the duke sent the following 'Field marshal the duke of Well-Tomkins, stating that the marquis of Douro is in debt to his mother. Mrs. Tomkins. The duke of Wellington is not the marquis of Douro. The duke regrets that his eldest son has not paid his washerwoman's bill. Mrs. Tomkins has no claim upon the duke of Wellington. The duke recommends her, failing another application, to place the matter in the hands of a repectable solicitor. Some six weeks later the duke had a dinner party at Apsley house. One of the guests asked the duke if he was not tormented by applications for his autograph. The duke replied. "Oh, yes, stantly." The friend then said: few days ago I was examining a most interesting collection, with your grace's in the place of honor in the book."
"What was that?" said the duke.
"Well, the collector's plan is to write to every person of eminence and to accuse his eldest son of bilking his washerwoman. He pastes his own letter and the reply face to face." I should like to have seen the duke's face when he heard the first Prussian cannon at Waterloo, I should also like to have seen it on

The New York Tribune priats the ollowing anecdote of the late Simon

Speaking of General Logan one day, General Cameron remarked: "Logan was a grand man. He and I were great friends, and I don't think we ever difered but on one occasion in our lives. Just after the close of the war, General Logan introduced a bill which was designed to abolish the office of military storekeeper, which I opposed. He came to me and said: 'Cameron, you seem

to me and said: 'Cameron, you seem
to be fighting my bill.'
"I replied: 'Yes, general, I am. and
I propose to fight your bill as long as I
am in the United States senate.'
"'Well, why do you fight it?'
"Because, General Logan, when I
was a candidate for the senate a friend
of mine who was nick caused himself to

how would it suit you to amend my bill so that hereafter in all cases of death or resignation the vacancy will not be filled?"

"That would be satisfactory," said
I. And the fold gentleman remarked,
with a smile: "My friend is still holding that office." ing that office."

One day I asked him:

"General, what are the facts about the planting and raising of 'a crop of corn in the streets of Charleston, S.C.?"

"Well," said the general, "that is true, but it was a very foolish thing—very foolish; but you see partisan feeling was running very high at that time and we did things that we would not do not. The way it happened was this:

and we did things that we would not do now. The way it happened was this:

"Before the war Mr. Davis and I were warm friends, and up to the time he left the senate we had numerous conversations, which sometimes became rather warm, not to say bitter. Just before he went south he spoke of firing on warts Sumton. I replied."

during the conversation I further remarked; 'If your people ever dare to fire on Fort Sumter I myself will raise corn on the streets of Charleston.' Mr. Davis went south shortly afterward and Fort Sumter was fired upon, and in due Fort Sumter was fired upon, and in due time Charleston was captured. Shortly after the capture of the city I went there. After landing at the wharf and while passing a commissary depot, I found one of the sacks of corn was burst open. This reminded me of my promise to Davis. I filled the pockets of my overcoat with corn and hired a man to plant and cultivate it in a triangular piece of land in one of the streets, and he shipped to me the crop. But it was a very foolish thing to do, after all."

Elliott F. Shepard has kept this whole Elliott F. Shepard has kept this whole town laughing throughout the year and a half in which he has controlled the Mail and Expres, says a New York letter to the St. Louis Republic; but the laughter has been subdued in comparison with the chorus of shouts that would have hailed a full account of what went on in the office of the great religious daily. When Colonel Shepard "took on" the Mail and Express, to use his own picturesque phrase, his well-"took on" the Mail and Express, to use his own picturesque phrase, his well-meant efforts to exploit his peculiar notions in its columns were carefully balked by the staff. His scriptural texts were lost on their way, to the printers, and his absurd puns were "killed" in the proof. This went on until the colonel suspected treachery, and then strict orders were issued that what he wrote should "go." Go it did, but his editorial articles were shown about the office in proof to a wondering staff, and the first edition of the paper was eagerly scanned above the paper was eagerly scanned above stairs, that the colonels latest eccentric-ities might be discovered. His oddest things were greeted by the staff with roars of laughter and exclamations of incredulous astonishment. As the time went on, however, queer things became a matter of course, and the staff grew hardened to the chief's eddities. This, however, did not prevent a vast amount of office gressin and the colonel was of office gossip, and the colonel was maddened to find his most secret coun-sels spread abroad in rival newspapers. He gave strict orders that nobody should talk, and finally hired a detective to spy upon the office. One of the funniest scenes of the year occurred one day when the managing editor was informed that the "text," by that time a well-established daily feature, had been lost. For five minutes the atmosphere of the pious sanctum was blue with profane denunciations of the man who had lost the text and of the text itself, and even of the amiable colonel. Finally the loss was reported to head-quarters and a new text supplied.

Lord Fife, who is to marry the eldest and ugliest daughter of the prince of Wales, comes of a queer family, says the New York Metropolis. The cable has told us how three of his sisters have been divorced and married again. His mother was a very stout and handsome lady who used to wake up in the middle of the night and devour chicken and champagne, which were placed upon a table at her bedside. She was liberal in her views and furnished a house in Kensington gardens for Edmund Yates. then a popular novelest. When she died suddenly her husband, old Earl Fife, found the bills for the furniture and, like a true Scotchman, closed his eyes to their suggestiveness and merely requested Yates to pay them to him. At any rate no eulogy of Lady Fife appears in the "Reminiscences" of Ed-

When poor Dick Townshend, the Illi nois congressman, was dying that last terrible forenoon in the Riggs House, when there was nothing but delirium and agony for the sufferer, he called now and then, as his mind would clear a little, for Tom Lowery. He was an old friend, the big railroad man of Minneapolis, whom he could somehow faintly remember was in town. Mr. Lowery came to the bedside at once.
"What can I do for you, Dick?" he

asked. "Is there anything I can do? Only say what it is, Dick." The dying congressman was able to a mortgage for \$5,000 on some property of his in Washington worried him, because it might make trouble for his

friend's meaning, Mr. Lowery retired for a moment to a corner.

"Here, poor fellow," he said, as he held a piece of paper up before the eyes of the sufferer. "There! Perhaps that will relieve you. Don't worry, don't worry, Dick. The piece of paper was a check for

As soon as he could gather his

Grant used to chop cordwood in a pe-culiar way, says Judge Lanham in the St. Louis Republic, cutting the tree all round instead of half down on one side and then on the other, like the ordinary axman. While president he visited St. Louis and I went with him to his farm, and passing the spot where he once chopped wood, I said: "General, the fellow who cut those stumps was a poor wood chopper, don't you think so?" The president replied with a sigh: "That might be true, judge, but to tell the truth, I was hap pier then than now. I cut my wood hauled it to the city, got my price for it, returned to my family, and was happy; but now the burden of a nation is on me, and I know no rest. Those were happy days, judge."

Speaking of ministers' salaries, recalls to the Providence Telegram a bon mot of the late Henry Fairbrother. Meeting a minister in Pawtucket with whom he was well acquainted, one day, the divine told him he had received a call to another parish and should accept. "A call?" said Henry. "Yes, I have been laboring in the vineyard of the Lord here in Pawtucket for a number of years for a salary of \$1,000 per annum, and have received a very flatter-ing offer to go to Brooklyn with a salary of \$3,000." "And that is what you mean by a call?" "Yes." "Well, up at the club we should call that a raise.

Our soldier boys have been having a great time at the state camp, says a New York letter to to the Phila-delphia Record, where the Seventh has been followed successively by the Sevbe carried in a cot to the capital of Pennsylvania to vote for me, and he is one of the men whom you propose to legislate out of office.'

Noh, that's it,' said Logan; 'well, and he is company with a group of Seventh regiment men when one of them remarked that each company had its

characteristics. One company is devoted to athletics and another to society, and so on. "My company is remarkable," said one in reply to a question, "for the number of representatives of old families which it contains. One of them, is the descendant of a famous cabinet minister of many years lamous cabinet minister of many years ago, a secretary whose name was at one time a household word throughout the United States. When we were at Washington we waited on General Sherman and this young man, who was carrying about as large a load of champagne as he could conveniently mannage at a page of the could conveniently mannage. age, stepped up airily and introduced himself, remarking that he supposed the general had heard his name. "Yes," said General Sherman, with something like a twinkle in his eye, "I have often heard it and always honored it. You bear a famous name indeed, sir, and I trust you feel the full responsibility of the load you carry."

Now that the Persian minister has taken his departure for his country s number of amusing stories are related concerning him-stories which do not in the least reflect upon his cleverness in the least reflect upon his cleverness or his ability to serve his sovereign most creditably here, but which plainly evidence that he is not altogether conversant with some of the pleasautries incident to Washington life. It may not be amiss if I tell you two which I heard yesterday, says the gossiper of the Washington Press. The minister found when he came to Washington that he had at least two acquaintances, if not friends. They were a lady and if not friends. They were a lady and gentleman who had for some years lived in Persia, where the gentleman was connected with a large importing house. Calls were at once exchanged, end finally an invitation was extended end finally an invitation was extended to his excellency to dinner. The invitation was graciously accepted. Unfortunately the former American residents in Persia had one drawback to their marital happihess—they had no children. It seems that in Persia it is the custom to assemble around the table all of the children of the family when a very special dunner is given. When, therefore, the minister noticed there was an entire absence of the little ones, he inquired through his secretary, who speaks English well, the cause of it. The lady of the house replied that she did not have any children, but that if she had been so blessed she could never have loved them as she did that "dear reature" whose portrait hung just over reature" whose portrait hung just over the mantel-piece. The dear creature referred to was the likeness of a 'pug dog," a pet in the household, who had died a short time before and whose memory was perpetuated in oil. When this was translated to the minister an expression of horror came over his countenance. He evidently did not enjoy his meal and he brought his visit to an abrupt conclusion. He never could be induced to enter the house again protesting that he could not associate with a lady "that loved dogs more than she did children." Upon another occasion the minister

called at the house of an official who had been away from his home for a little while. As he was, through his intle while. As he was, through his interpreter, conversing with the lady of the house the husband entered, and, after shaking hands with the minister and his secretary, turned to his wife and naturally kissed her. The minister rose immediately, and, bowing profoundly to the lady and gentleman, placed his hand over his heart and announced, through his sectary, that he would hold ever inviolate the confidence which had thus been placed in him, and nothing should induce him to reveal to any one the scene which he had just witnessed. In explanation, it appears that no Persian ever kisses his wife or wives in public, or is in any manner demonstrative before strangers. The minister properly imagined gers. The minister properly imagined that, as the gentleman kissed his wife before him, he desired to pay him some ful and must keep to himself. It is no wonder, after seeing so many unaccus tomed sights and hearing so many strange expressions, that the minister felt that Washington was no place for

A remarkable trial has just occurred at Brownsville, in this county, before was charged with stealing water from a ditch, says a Marysville (Cal.) special. Local excitement was intense. prosecution was conducted by District Attorney Forbes, and the defense by W. G. Murphy of this city. The trial consumed six days, and was enlivened by the constant exchange of personalities on both sides, which were hugely enjoyed by the spectators. Justice Sparks said, in presenting the case of the defense to the jury: "Gentlemen, them's my sentiments and I want you to bring in a verdict accordingly, as they are the law." Tossing the district at torney's instructions to the jury, the ustice contemptuously remarked: Them's not my sentiments; they are no good. You can take them for they are worth." The jury after a few moments deliberation returned a verdict of guilty. The justice was dumbfounded. "What!" he shouted; 'you dare go agin me sentiments? The verdict is set aside and the prisoner discharged!" This ends the case for the present, but further proceedings are expected. Both parties to the action claim a right to the water in dis

I was recently sitting in Mark Twains nome in Hartford waiting for the hu morist to return from his daily walk says a New York letter to the Boston Journal. Suddenly sounds of devotional singing came in through the open window from the direction of the outer conservatory. The singing was low, ye the sad tremor in the voice seemed to give it special carrying power. "You have quite a devotional dome

tic," I said to a member of the family who came in shortly afterwards. "That is not a domestic who is sing ing," was the answer. "Step to this window, look in the conservatory and

see for yourself." I did so. There, sitting alone on one the rustic benches in the flower-house, was a small, elderly lady. Keeping time with the first finger of her right as if with a baton, she was slightly swaying her frail body as she sang, softly, yet sweetly, Charles Wesley's hymn, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," and Sarah Flower Adam's "Nearer, My God

But the singer was not a domestic. It was Harriet Beecher Stowe, There sat the once brilliant authoress like a child crooning a favorite air.

Dining one evening with Wilkie Colins, he spoke of the difficulty of imagining a piece of character which had not its original in real life, says a writer in the New York Metropolis.
After he had described the house in
"Armadale" a gentieman called upon
him and upbraided him for putting his residence into print. The description was exact, although Wilkie Collins had never seen the place. He invented a man who was so careful about his food that he weighed it in little scales at table. A gentleman was introduced to table. A gentleman was introduced to Mr. Collins and said: "You had no right, sir, to caricature me. I weigh my food in little scales, sir! Here they are, sir! I always carry them about with me by advice of my physicians. But is that any reason why I should be held up to ridicule, sir?" In vain Mr. Collins protested that he had never before heard of such a habit.

HE WAS AFTER BEAR MEAT.

Why a Pioneer Michigan Justice Suddenly Adjourned Court.

KNEW WHEN SHE WAS INSULTED.

General O. O. Howard's Experience With a Southern Lady - Miserly "Old Butch" - Emperor William's Self-Control.

Pioneer Justice in Michigan.
A story that Judge Reilly occasionally repeats when the subject of Michigan justice is up for discussion, runs substantially as follows, say the Detroit

When Gratiot county, Michigan, first began to be disturbed by pioneers, and after it had its first justice of the peace, a farmer named Davison walked three miles to secure a warrant for the arrest of his neighbor named Meacham for assault and batttery." To save the constable a six-mile trip the defendant walked with the plaintiff. They encountered his honor just leaving his house with his gun on his shoulder, and Davison halted him with:

"Squire, I want a warrant for this man for striking me."

"I'm in an awful hurry," said the squire. "Come to-morrow,"

"So'm I in a hurry, and I'm going to have a raising to-morrow." "Meacham, did you hit him?" asked

the justice. "Davison, did you strike first?"

"Meacham, had you rather work for Davison three days than go to jail?" "I guess so," answered Meacham, "And will that satisfy you, Dav-

"Then make tracks for home, and don't bother me another minute! My son has just come in with the news that an old bear and three cubs are up in the same beech, down at the edge of the slashing, and I'm going to have some bear meat if it upsets the supreme bench of Michigan. Court stands ad-journed at present."

General Sherman's Rank Reduced. The other night General Sherman went up to the Broadway theater, says the New York World, to enjoy Francis Wilson's merrymaking in the comic opera of "The Oolah." There was a clear sky when the general went in but before the performance was over it began to rain and the temperature became raw and cold. At the end of the second act he went into the Gedney house, a few doors below the theater, and inquired of Clerk Majilton if he could hire an umbrella, at the same time explaining that he had been caught out in his evening suit and he feared rheumatism and other complaints. Majilton didn't know him, but he thought he could well afford to take ne thought he could well afford to take chances on such an eminently respectable-looking gentleman, and although the polite clerk has a rotund figure and weighs about two hundred and twelve, he gladly offered to loss him his overcoat, as well as his silver-handled umbrells.

"But," said the general, "you are lending these things to an entire stranger, and you ought to accept some kind of a deposit to secure you against

dishonesty."

"Oh, that's all right, colonel," replied Majilton, as he tossed a key gracefully to Louis Harrison. "I can't be deceived by you. I'd trust that face of yours for anything.' The warrior was tickled by the com pliment, and he remarked casually as

he went out with his tall, gaunt form enveloped in the garment that fitted him like a meal-sack: "I'll take you at your word, and you shall have my card when I return these things." The next day the coat and umbrella

arrived, accompanied by a note of thanks and a photograph of General William T. Sherman, with his autograph across its face. "Great Scott!" said Majitton, "and I called him 'colonel,' just as if he had been any ordinary American citizen. I wouldn't mind it half so much if I had called him 'judge.' but to be reduced in military rank after all his years of service—and by a hotel clerk! It's awful!"

General Dow is strongly opposed to he use of tobacco as he is to liquor drinking, and has carried on a lifelong crusade against it, says the Lewiston fournal: He always has claimed that tobacco dulls the moral sense.

Many years ago, before there were any railroads, a man traveling in a stage coach with Dow, one day, lighted

a cigar.
"I wish you would stop smoking, sir," said Dow. "Is smoking offensive to you?" the

"Well, I'll stop as soon as I've finish this cigar."
Without another word Dow suddenly reached forward, pulled the cigar from the man's lips and thew it in the road. The man fired up, looked at the well-knit figure of his fellow-passenger, re-garded the bright light in his eyes—and

"I recall an incident coming down the Rigi, while I was traveling in Europe," said the general. "European railroads did not provide a separate smoking car then, and I don't know as they do now. A passenger in our car was complacently smoking his cigar. "'You're an Englishman, sir, aren't

"'Oh, no,' said he briskly; 'I am an American "'What! you an American and smoking in the presence of ladies!'

"He stopped smoking, but with poor race; and he looked as if he would "He was of a different type from a man whom I met on a steamer in the English channel. I asked him to stop smoking, and he did so, with profuse apologies. I told him that I believed that tobacco dulls the moral sense, but

he smiled at the idea. You furnish a proof of my theory sir,' said I. 'You were smoking when you ought not to have been—and you acknowledged it as soon as I called your attention to it. w. Tobacco dulled your moral sense."

I never talked to a board of trade man ten minutes without hearing something about "O'd Hutch," says a writer in the Chicago Mail. He seems to be as persistent in getting into men's minds and on their tongues as was Charles I. in Mr. Dick's Memoirs. This

man said:
"You can find 'O'd Hutch' on one of the stools at a cheap lunch counter down near the board every morning of the week. Goes in there regular and orders two soft-boiled eggs and rolls, and he looks at the check as closely as any poor clerk in town. How's that for a man with his money? Millions and

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cent breakfast. But that's his style. He surprised me the other day. As long as I've been around the board I never saw 'Old Hutch' wear anything I never saw 'Old Hutch' wear anything but a black slouch hat; but the other day he appeared with one of the new style straws with straight stiff brim. Nobody could look at him without smiling, and the old man 'tumbled' and wore it only one day. He doesn't care for dress, or comfort, or good living, any way. He has just one passion in life, and that's gambling. He is the first man on the floor of the board always, and the last one to leave it. The example of the stance was narrated to me many year ago by my grandfather, who served under Washington in the war of the revolution. It was the next day after a bat had been citement of the trading hours is the meat and drink of his life. He revels in it. Imagine, if you can, the supreme delight to such a man of running a corner such as he manipulated last December. But he's almost parsimonious in his daily life. I saw him at the theater one time alone, sitting in a parquet seat without a soul to talk to. He's a oner; that's what he is."

Emperor William's Self-Control. Emperor William, who is naturally of an excitable and nervous temperament never loses an opportunity of schooling ing, says a Berlin letter. A few nights ago he gave a most astonishing exhi-bition of absolute self-control, and even cold-bloodedness. During the state performance at the Royal opera in honor of the marriage of the princess' sister to Prince Frederick Leopold the dress of the premiere danseuse caught fire from the gas jet in the wings, and in a moment she was wrapped from head to foot in a sheet of flame. With great pres-ence of mind the principal basso, who was standing near by, draped in Roman toga and waiting to "go on," dashed her to the ground, and tearing the toga from his shoulders enveloped her in its capacious folds, thereby extinguishing the flames. She was, however, so badly burned that during three days her life was despaired of, and as it is the poor girl will be disfigured for life. Her rescurer was also badly burned about the hands, arms, and face. The incident, although concealed from the major portion of the audience, was plainly visible from beginning to end to the emperor, who was seated in one of the stage boxes. Notwithstanding the exciting nature of the scene, he neither raised a hand nor even moved his chair, but remained apparently ining on the poor girl battling with the cruel flames. Only at the conclusion of the act did he send one of his aide-de-

dition of the sufferers. She Couldn't Stand Blackguardism When General O. O. Howard was marching down through Tennessee, General Whittlesey, late president of the Freedman's bank, was assistant adjutant-general on his staff. Whittlesey had been a clergyman down in Maine, and was fully as straight-laced as Howard, says the Washington Post. One day Howard drove into a farmyard from which Whittlesey was just depart. from which Whittlesey was just departing. A woman and her grown daugh ter were standing outside the door. "My good woman," said Howard "will you kindly give me a drink of

camps to make inquiries as to the con-

"No. Get out of my yard. A lot o more impident Yankees I never seed. "But I have done nothing and said nothing out of the way, and will severely punish any of my soldiers who should say or do anything wrong." "That sojer insulted me," said she, pointing to the retreating form of Gen-eral Whittlesey, "He axed me for a drink of water and when I done give it to him he sassed me. "But-but that is General Whittlesey

of my staff. I am sure he wouldn't be rude to any woman." "Maw," said the girl, pulling her "Maw," said the girl, pulling her mother's dress, "I reckon he moughtn't have meant anything misbsholden." "Hush; don't I know low-down black-guard talk when I hears it? He asked me what was the state of my nativity."

Not "General" But "George." Some time ago a party of gentlement at Woodland, says the Sacramento Bee. were discussing the characteristics of Goorge Washington, the father of his country, when Sam Ruland, the gorge ousness of whose imagination has made

lution. It was the next day after a bat tle.in which the British troops had bee: routed. The Colonial troops were drawn up in ranks, and Washington rode down the line, mounted upon the white charger, of which you have all heard. When he came up to where my grandfather was standing, the latter called

"'Why, how do you do, general?" "General Washington reined up his charger, dismounted, threw his arms about my grandfather's neck and ex-

"'Ruland, do not call me general-call me George!"

Grant's Gallantry. It is doubtful whether any chronicle or romance of the days of chivalry contains so touching an incident of matri-monial devotion as that lately told of General Grant, says the Graphic: When the honors came upon the Grants. like sorrows to the house of Denmark not single spies, but in battalions, the mistress of the white house began to renew the dream of her girlhood—to have her cross eyes straightened. Wishing to surprise the president, Mrs. Grant, telling nobody, sent for the most eminent oculist in American. lingly promised to undertake the operation, which he assured her would be easy to accomplish, and without danger. The good lady could not contain herself for joy, an woman-like, (am I right, mesdames?) gave way when she saw her husband and confided to him her secret, the pleasure she had in store him. He looked wistfully into those dear eyes which had held him in tender guze through all the trials of a checkered career, and said in a simple way: "Julia, I wish you would not change them. I love them as they are, and they might seem strange if altered. Nor Launcelot, nor Romeo, nor lover of any clime or age ever spoke words tenderer gallantry than those of the hero of Appomattox.

How Gilmere Maintains Discipline Band Leader Pat Gilmore has been a pretty prominent man out west, where his musicians have been playing at expositions and public performances, says the New York Graphic. How he retains discipline over his performers is one of the unfathonable mysteries to the west-ern mind, but a New Yorker tells a story which explains it easily. He went up to the band room one morning where they were practicing a difficult compo-sition, and he says: "Mr. Gilmore was standing on a little platform, waving his baton energetically. The band was playing for all it was worth. Sud-denly Mr. Gilmore stamped his foot. frowned viciously, and on the instant the music ceased. I wondered why this was, as my untrained ears could detect no discord. With a stern look upon his face the great bandmaster turned and pointed his baton at a cowering trombone player over in one corner. In a voice that sounded like the wrath of the storm king, Mr. Gilmore said "Karl, that was very, very bad. The beers are on you." Then he raised his magical wand aloft, and the music began again. "Pat," said I, shortly afterward, in low, duleet and somewhat familiar tones, "what do you mean by saying "the beers are on you?" "Don't you know?" he replied. "Well, I'll tell you. When one of my music. I'll tell you. When one of my musisians make a mistake I fine him compelling him to buy the beer for the crowd after rehearsal. It's a great cheme, and it pleases everybody but

Henry Ward Bescher in Tears. The interesting fact is just disclosed

hat of all the stories which Henry Ward Boecher read during his lifetime Mr. Thomas Nelson Page's beautiful tale of "Marse Chan" was his special favorite. The story was first brought to Mr. Beecher's attention from a reading of it by a rich southern lady, who subsequently moved to London, says the Washington Press. When the great preacher was on his last visit to London he made it a special request that the he made it a special request that the reading should be repeated to him by he same lady; and he had actually, mid all his engagements, not forgoten to bring over a copy of "Marse 'han." that he might not disappointed. disappointed. An evening then fixed at Dr. Joseph Parker's house, at which Mr. Beecher stayed during his visit to London. The scene which followed the reading was one never to be forgotten by those present. Mr. Beecher had begun by the statement that he intended to have 'a good cry," and before the story was half through he had realized the expectation, for great tears were falling down the Plymouth pastor's cheeks, and every lady in the room, including

the reader, was sobbing aloud. Sara Staggered Editor Medill.

According to Rev. Eugene Field, Colonel Joseph Medill says that Sara Bernhardt is the most singular woman he ever had any dealings with. Having been introduced to the eminent actress by Mr. Abbey in Chicago several years ago, the colonel thought it would be no more than polite to call upon her when he visited Paris. So one evening last month he dropped at the Hotel de Rivoli and sent up his card to the fair Sara. It was about 7:30 o'clock. Sara had no engagement at at the theater that evening, and a better season for a call of propriety could hardly have been chosen. ently Sara's maid came tripping down to the waiting-room with this message: "Madame eez ver sorry, but madame eez engage at ze praisont; will monsieur be so kind to come again at haff-pass-2

"It was the most extraordinary re-quest I ever heard of," says Colonel Medili. I put on my hat and walked off in high dugeon. Yet, after all, I am glad that it was I and not my son

SINGULARITIES.

The two-year-old daughter of a Calais (Vt.) farmer is reported to have slept for over one hundred and twenty consecutive

J. Backus, of Ingham county, Michigan, has a swarm of fighting bees. They recently attacked a flock of twenty-five turkeys and killed every bird in the flock. A rattlesnake kept by an Orladno (Fia.) jeweler lived eighteen months without eat-ing. His owner then put an end to the

Wirt county, W. Va., reports the discov-ery of a green snake, with two heads and two necks. The reptile is about two feet long and shaped something like the let-

A strolling Italian musician in Philadel-phia has an improvement on the monkey. It is a parrot which sings operatic music in a soprano voice that is heard for squares, and then collects coins from high windows. The bird can fly where the monkey would fail to

The people who live near Goguac Lake, Battle Creek, Mich., claim that the shores are gradually coming together, and that in a few years the lake will be dry land. No one knows of any miet to it, and there is a constant drainage of several hundred thousand gallons daily.

gallons daily.

Mrs. John Porter, of Otsego, N. Y., gave birth last week to a baby that weighs only thirty ounces. The child is barely ten inches long, and measures but three inches across the shoulders. It is perfectly formed, apparently healthy, and lively and vigorous. It is ciothed in doll's raiment, and rosts confortably in a small doll's carriage. Both parents are of usual statue. parents are of usual statue.

parents are of usual statue.

A phenomenon which is astonishing the people of Sussex county, N. J., is the finding of new ice daily on the land of Peter Feather, Last Sunday Mr. Feather gathered sufficient ice from the piace—the mouth of an unexplored cavera—to freeze two caus of ice cream. A small stream runs out of the cave and forms a pool at the opening, and here it is that the ice forms. A cold draught of air issues continuously from the cavera and congeals the water.